

## Something Growing by Carerra\_os

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**Summary:**

Day 7 Daisy Chains

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“Tell me what you’re up to with all your flowers at least?” Billy requests as he releases Steve’s hand, drags the pads of his fingers slowly over Steve’s.

“I’m going to make a daisy chain.” Steve has a playful note in his tone, giving Billy a pleased smile for giving in and it makes his stomach flip pleasantly, makes that thing in his chest grow and Billy shifts onto his back and turns his eyes back to the dying light of the sky. He watches the clouds dance across the sky, shapes slowly changing as they move, the sky going purple and red as they move and Billy tries to pretend that he has not already fallen.

# Something Growing

## Author's Note:

Day Seven Daisy Chains from the Harringrove April Prompts

## Something Growing

Billy never planned on staying in Hawkins but he needs to save up money if he is going to get out of this shitty town. So he gets a job at the public pool as soon as it opens, the only water related job this place really has to offer, instead of heading off to college right away. While soaking up the sun and attention from the local mom's he lets himself get distracted by a pretty boy while he is at it. Steve who is just as stuck as Billy, daddy making him work at the new mall, in his silly little sailor suit, that Billy teases him over but not so secretly loves, slinging ice cream to all the snot nose brats in town.

Steve, who is different from anyone else Billy has ever dated, makes Billy feel different, makes him feel like he is worth something. Looking at Billy with something he will not name, makes that same something grow under Billy's ribs threatening to burst out with each passing day. Billy tried to keep it simple at first, tried to keep it as just fucking but Steve open hearted, emotions on his sleeves Steve has wormed his way in, has broken down all of Billy's defenses and now even though they do not label it they are definitely dating.

Billy cannot deny that he has gone soft for Steve, it is especially hard to deny out in the dying summer sun, in a field surrounded by wild flowers dotting the field in yellows, whites, and tiny stars of blue, letting themselves air dry after a dip in the nearby lake, the sky reflecting off of it painting it in colors. Steve has his head resting against Billy's stomach, staring up at the sky painted in shades of purple and pink, occasionally pointing at golden yellow clouds and telling Billy what he thinks they look like. So far there has been a bear, a dragon, and a very hard stretch for a cat, Billy at least had not been able to identify it as such but he kept that to himself making a

noise of agreement when Steve asked if he saw it.

"Where are you going?" Billy grumbles when Steve rises up, shuffling over to the edge of the green and blue striped blanket spread out beneath them, Billy reaching out trying to bring him back but he does not rise just throws his arm out as far as it will go and his fingertips just barely brush against Steve's back.

"Not going anywhere," Steve says and he does not, he stays at the edge of the blanket, sits there back to Billy plucking the nearby flowers from the field. Billy just watches the curve of his back, the way more of his ass is on display as he leans forward, his little yellow swim trunks riding up as he reaches for another flower. Billy rolls to his side and it gives him just enough distance to brush over the bottom swell of Steve's ass cheeks when he bends forward again.

The brush startles Steve and makes him jump white flowers with bright yellow centers spilling everywhere. Billy laughs as Steve turns a pinched expression on his face as he bats Billy's hand away. Billy is not deterred, catches Steve's batting hand and tugs. "Come back over here" Billy demands, wanting the warmth of Steve settled back against him, he wants to soak up the last of the evening sun, etch this day into his memories forever.

"Not yet." Steve whines, turning back resisting Billy's pull. Billy is pretty sure he could topple Steve over if he tried, Steve's lacking skills in the art of balancing is more than just his inability to plant his feet. He is pouting though, bottom lip jutted out, big eyes on Billy imploringly and he is a sucker, soft and pliant for that look.

"Tell me what you're up to with all your flowers at least?" Billy requests as he releases Steve's hand, drags the pads of his fingers slowly over Steve's.

"I'm going to make a daisy chain." Steve has a playful note in his tone, giving Billy a pleased smile for giving in and it makes his

stomach flip pleasantly, makes that thing in his chest grow and Billy shifts onto his back and turns his eyes back to the dying light of the sky. He watches the clouds dance across the sky, shapes slowly changing as they move, the sky going purple and red as they move and Billy tries to pretend that he has not already fallen.

“What the fuck is a daisy chain?” Billy asks gruffly, as Steve starts scooping his flowers back up, piling them all in his lap before shifting closer to Billy giving in, in his own way knee resting against Billy’s ribs.

“You’ve never heard of a daisy chain?” Steve asks with disbelief in his tone, he does not wait for an answer from Billy before he keeps going. “It’s kind of self expl-explanatory” Billy smiles a little as Steve stumbles over the word, turning his head just a bit to see Steve’s annoyed expression, big brown eyes glancing at Billy to see if he got it right. Billy nods his own smile widening as Steve grins pleased before he goes on hands moving over the flowers. “It’s just a chain of daisies.”

Steve gives a shrug, Billy watching him as he starts dragging his fingers over a long stem relieving it of all of the leaves along its stem before moving onto the next one. “I don’t really know how else to explain it but you’ll see it’s pretty.” Billy shakes his head. The only pretty thing he is really interested in is right next to him but he keeps watching, a little curious as Steve takes three of them and starts weaving them together in a similar fashion to how Billy sometimes braids his hair.

It opens up some thoughts to Billy, he likes the way his hair looks braided, knows Steve likes it too and if Steve can do that with flower stems maybe he will braid it for Billy sometime. Billy has not let anyone mess with his hair since his mother but sometimes he lets Steve tug at it, other times he lets him absently card his fingers through it, something he does not trust anyone else to do. Billy very much likes the idea of Steve’s fingers working through his hair, working it into a braid for him.

Billy pinches his nose up trying to figure out when exactly he started trusting Steve so much, when he started letting him do whatever he wants, he honestly does not know and as Steve starts to hum adding more flowers and braiding them in the less he cares about the answer. Steve keeps braiding, adding more and more flowers as he goes, the white and yellow thick, the green a thinner line connecting them all underneath as Steve keeps working. It is longer than Billy thought, Steve using up all except a small bushel of daisies before he loops it into a circle and gently but securely connects them, wrapping the stems over just under the flower to keep them connected.

“See flower chain” Steve says grinning brightly as he holds his handy work up for Billy to see, it sags a little where he is not holding it the weight of the flowers dragging it down and Billy has to agree it is pretty.

“Now what do you do with it though?” Billy asks huffing as Steve pulls him up to sitting, going cross eyes as Steve moves it close to his face before going up and placing it on Billy’s hair.

“Now you’re even prettier.” Steve declares, grin widening as he drags his hands down to cup Billy’s cheeks for a kiss. Billy has that something growing in his chest spilling over, threatening to explode, forces that something into the kiss instead, pushing Steve back and covering his body with his own, the leftover flowers getting crumpled as they get caught between them.

“I’m always pretty.” Billy says as he breaks the kiss, the two of them panting in the dying embers of the sun, the daisy chain has fallen some, white petals bordering the top of Billy’s vision.

Steve rolls his eyes, the dying light making the little flecks of gold in them stand out, his cheeks popping as he goes back to smiling as he reaches up and tucks a curl behind Billy’s ear. “Yeah I know.” Billy rushes down to catch his mouth again, anything to keep that something from spilling out, working his feelings back down by

dragging his mouth over Steve's skin, trails over his cheek, his chin, down his neck, sucking and chewing until Steve makes sweet little breathy noises beneath him hands clutching.

"You're the prettiest thing I've ever seen." Billy murmurs against Steve's skin, hoping he does not hear that something leaking in his voice. He is pretty sure Steve does, from the way he drags Billy back to his mouth kissing him with an emotion that mirrors the something threatening to burst from Billy's chest. On days like this with Steve right there, Billy thinks maybe getting stuck in Hawkins was not such a bad thing.

**-The End**

**Author's Note:**

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